

# Inordinal



By Shomit Sirohi

Intermission - Buddhist perception tricks and

Dai Chi, Menema Chi, Tai Chi Ma, and All

those Stories called Many Stories

## I. I was a Poet

In fact I was a poet, who spent his life,  
reading literature. I was a pianist, in years  
after training in philosophy. I even believed  
in poetry, it is mathematical. I mean in  
Spanish, and French that I also learnt, Ilaan

this is, he was just the man a lot of women

felt. Like a opera, Ilaan reflects women, as

his reverse. But in the sense then of the

opera - Je'va - which means a man who is

developing a process on music, and his

women lovers who are poetically praising

him. This becomes a transcendental which

though is minimal and maximal - like an

appearance. It means that then, what is the

appearance of poems - something like a

infinite process unfolds in Je'va. The women

are all poetic and philosophers in fact, and

Jerome, now Ilaan is in fact also a poet and

philosopher. Here in the Spanish tradition of

things, it is not history or economics at all,

but poetry, and only its processes. It is

inadmissible all this French stuff, Borges

pleaded for a moment - it is that beautiful

poetry. Borges, argues that poetry is learnt when one admits Mathematics and poetry. A course he prepared in fact to teach it.

A poet meets Lorca - who is destined to meet him. That is Je'va. A simple poem which is complex which means many people are finding their office, job or even money and

are all around, and even that it is like a  
economic company which is working at their  
choice of work - all of that is the French, busy  
proving Marx - that life is mathematical in  
the economic sense then - that there is in  
economics, also scales and production and  
even creative production and aesthetics. But  
for us in Spain, it is just poetry - which  
becomes about poetry, like Lorca reflects

Ilaan - that process there of buildings and people going to taxis, or buses and our walking around is economics - that there is a lot of poems then in following just the process of series, indirect gatherings and in fact what is poetic - the more Poetic Marx - that Marxist formalism - where he says generally it is tropes the whole thing about business - that stuff.

## A. Index of Spanish Poetry

In fact that there is a Spanish poetic section

in the Biblioteca, where one found the simple

meaning of Spanish poetry and the French

poem - indiscernible, scientific and pure. It is

the ideal-type of what is called rubbish.

That then poetry proves that ideal-types  
should be followed, - not just a Madrid  
building and companies and all that but Zara  
argues its infinity.

Ilaan argues in Spanish then he translates  
this, “le pregunta esta la promotion de la  
forma de infinidad en la sexo, y la prueba de

totalisation due la vida y la formas esta

infinidad, en el sentido de la Cultura, o

Historia, y la totalidad de formas, que estan

como musica y dyanimcas que es puro.”

## II. Borges teaches Poetry

At first it is a story which is personal, about

Lorca and his lover, but also Lautremont,

the French woman needs more money, a

capitalist amount in fact and then comes the

process of Ilaan - who is busy working on this

process. As Belano is then teaching he means

Spanish and French where in the language

there is infinity, you get that - infinity exists -

they mean in a manner of speaking, it can be

cheap stuff infinity - in a poem infinity is just  
in fact personal.

### III. Homer and Vigil

The process is generalised, and poetic - the poem of Lorca, Lautremont and Ilaan is then generalised, which means generally the case - it just the poem that matters therefore.

Imagine that this then becomes a construction of all aspects.

IV. A Process therefore is Infinite, what does it mean to live?

So in fact Ilaan proves that we are traversed by infinity, all that matters then is my company, just that side - our process.

Part II Rayuelismo

I. In fact then she lives at my house, and  
opposite

We are swinging at times, swimming at  
times, and even dancing in quarters format  
which means a certain cannabis formalism.

## II. Speaking to Her on the Phone

On in fact insistence, she calls. And we spoke  
a whole lot of us, a lot. We mean this as  
poetry - that can you imagine, that in the  
whole world, there was just us, talking with  
Jewish people and philosophers - only we  
matter to each other, that we meant was the

whole process being depicted again and

again in all the ways which was so poetic

finally. We have been through the worst.

Why, I am currently going delusional. When

everything was infinity. In French then 'la

delusion este le from du un Infiniti que es la

process du le humanism que es le forme de

un distress en un femme, que es finalmaunte

un doctoral crises que es resolver a la

science du poesia solo, y perhaps le  
psychoanalysis. Tu le vide este un professor  
que set le forme du le vi en distress que es  
infini en theologie, le forme de Infiniti en le  
distress. Entendu?"

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III. Rayuelismo

Ilaan talks to Belano - is it then just

rayuelismo the thing about it. Belano argues

in fact yes, in fact yes. That at one point in

Section I and Part I there was a discussion on

pianos and poetry as infinite, and then in Part

II there was a phone call, and then in fact

here in this section again, there is a

repetition called the simple moves - un, dos,

tres. In fact tres, Belano argues. That the first

step is moving forward to the game which is

running, in Jewish games, and then in

Rayuelismo cycling which then comes back

home and in the middle talks about it the

same way. Which all means at another point,

I was in fact busy reading about it. Yes - it

proves, un, dos y tres as not any three steps

which is poetic - but majorly three steps in a

game called Hopscotch, or perhaps in a game

called De-la- which mean first two steps and

then a third across - which means long steps -

long period between your house the hospital,

its diagnosis and simply following then a

detour to literature as the truth which then

can be anything.

## A. Steps in the Small Notebook of a

Construction

He first walks up and down, is delusional, or

even crazy, and then he sits down, and then

he proves it. After all, it was the fucking

dance which led to this, which also meant

that in the process of the drinking and

walking there is a divine process. I meant sit

down on the bed, as you search for a

construction which then is the process in the

section of the geometric compass drawing of

a figure which becomes this - I meant which

in another form, becomes the process of this

walk and that sitting and that acting which is

then a compass of the simple movement

which is dance. I meant just this then is the

simple meaning of then games. It is just the

spiritual games which is what then means as

I walk out and sit on the staircase and smoke,

that is then a process of meeting a person

who is following me, which goes there then

and comes back - which is scientific. But then

there is poetry that the process is also funky

man drawings which prove that the illusion of

imbibition or such crises are finally cured by

smoking lemon cigarettes, which I did and it

helped, which also proves it is spiritual

Hebrew processes that then organise the process of sets.

Part IV - a Construction in Organic Spanish

Cathedral

I. Claire, a Meditation on Spandrels of

Architecture - Convolute I

Just a meditation on the nature of things,

being in fact a simple infinite process. Just

that work on the spandrels of sitting and

writing, even finally having a sexual conversation.

## II. Arches, - the meditation of Hallene

In fact the process also has an open arch, of

in fact women which are sexually dancing,

towards Ilaan - the development of Je'va.

III. Organic Natural Colours of A Building -

the Meditation of Ilaan with the Convolute II

In fact then there is also the organic spiritual

activity, of the bed cover, and sex process

which then is the basis of the discovery,

sleep, and its simple journey towards the bed

cover and sex dialectic which is then in a

Rayuela the process of one act. It means here

we act.

#### IV. All the developments of the History of the Meditation process by Natalia - Convoluted Process III with Arches I

And so in fact Natalia goes to the free  
process of the Arches as in fact the process of  
a photographer named Ilaan who takes  
photographs of them in this style he calls - Le

Miserable. But is also Spanish entirely in the

sense of experimentalism at its highest - like

judging the cloth to be a miracle of cinema.

That natural lighting goes with the process of

in fact cinema.

## Part V - The Part about Merav

### I. Merav in the House

In fact Merav studies the process better, and

is a follower of Ilaan, as Belano is busy

walking in the Spanish section of Buenos

Aires which is full of staircases and old houses, which then was a Skating Rink in the case of Thailand with Tadana, and then of course here it is cheap housing which is hotels which then has a small swimming pool at the back. So that then Belano argues is infinity, as Merav is busy smoking and discussing Ilaan's love for women. Ilaan is now reverse to the intellectuals and the part

is just that. It is about Merav intervening in

the process of infinity called Ilaan and the

women, its other infinity is philosophers and

intellectuals like Merav - and that is the

cathedral he meant - a small number of steps

or houses or people reflecting each other. As

Ilaan is busy with the cha cha cha process.

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Part VI.

## I. The Act of Watching Television as News

In fact then Ilaan is busy in the process of watching television in his experimental sense of a depiction of the chair and book process of reflecting on his own invention. He then realises that in fact the process is relating to the previous session in Paharganj where he

was dancing to infinity, and experiencing the

sexual aspect of life. He then meant that he

was fine. He rises up like Pascal and walks

out and celebrates. He means infinity is still a

process of in fact admiring success more than

defeat and that is Buddhist metaphysics. He

can tell that the long recovery is also about,

as he begins to call people on the phone and

start partying. The women are busy being

told to go to the discotheque and he is at his  
best downstairs admiring the lights and  
listening to creative rap music, and happy.

That means the highest Freudian award.

## II. A Process of Oliviera Macana

Oliviera Macana then begins in Buenos Aires

to cook in his house all that was then in

another day, Ilaan with Milner who was busy

describing the free process of infinity as also

with the process he meant was cooking.

Which then means Freud is daily life stuff

afterall. Like cooking, as Jewish people are in

Israel cooking.

### III. The Party

In fact then they meet, the girls pick him up  
from the Cordoba section of life and meet  
him while he was busy regretting the  
meeting, they kiss and walk around.

## Part VII.

I. She was walking and dancing in a party

In fact she was walking and dancing,  
forwards and backwards, through the  
constellation, of in fact I Ilaan who was  
imitating the movements and asking her to.

The modelling section was getting ready as  
well, to do something like a festive evening,  
and music was rap, and then black women  
were doing the same, which then became a  
police following we got, for our achievements

of following only the ideal-type. We believed

in mathematics, which is being followed in

creative forms of Freudian art we meant.

II. I am in the process of television dancing

We were watching news, and dancing  
through it, and listening to images of infinity,  
and even following the process closely for all  
its Argentine Spanish takes. We then re-  
edited it to the Madrid famous process and  
kept following we meant infinity. Breton's  
arguments are different in nature, he thinks  
we should be closer to the art process at all  
times in fact, after the economics is proven to

be correct, called infinity. So in fact I was  
with Borges, Breton and a few others, and  
even Belano who interpreted the process as  
strictly about art and its curation of life in a  
process called free.

### III. Black power notations

In fact they are this creative with Ilaan, he is

the Prophetic man they mean, because he is

black - he is of course black he argues. And

he just talks about black power - as the

correct line. He is busy 'yeah. Yeah.' About

the matter, and is only the process of in fact

basketball at another level. Now he is busy

doing cha-cha-cha with Penelepesa and this

means her and I, who then are busy

reflecting in the room. Lima is making  
poemic jazz notes.

## Part IX. Metaphysics

## I. I am Lorca

I am Lorca, and I am destined to be poor, and  
even delusional, and finally I ask for you to  
free me from this life of poverty and even  
stylish modelling at cheap housing. I mean  
that you were true, and now we dance. Your  
health is perfectly Jewish, and I love that you

went to Barcelona on that car and met Belano  
and freed me, I was in the room, when you  
knocked the door.

## II. Le Fragmentacion

In fact the process becomes abstract and finally theoretical, when you follow French, and I am just like 'yeah, I like that.' And so in fact the process gets metaphysical that way. I also mean with you. Here I am crying and falling in love. I call it sexual poetry, that you are about. Ilaan is of course in a deep rendition of metaphysics, he means is the idealism of this process, that we idealise is

true. But also false, it can be. I am only a  
poet.

### III. Ballet

In fact ballet, then, this is my cure, and even  
my process I meant, but a different ballet.

Yeah, I like that. We were all there with you

Rocamadour, one girl said when she was young. I was in fact happy, listening to rap music.

IV. Pure Ideas – that Penelepesa meets

Ilaan and the Women all form Il-Iliza

In fact it's a pure idea, that we all follow the

process of free lives and art while Ilaan is

busy talking to Fidel even, about the infinite.

He means that this is politics, this is art, this

is art process.

## Part X.

### I. Spanish Melodies

First there is melody in life, and then  
tragedy, and finally the girlfriend meets the  
boyfriend, it can be feminist.

## II. Spanish accents

We are just the process of tragedy, pure,  
infinite and even indiscernible. I meant I was  
in love, in that accent which you pick up, and  
I was also dressed sexually, in specific  
measure, for that attraction, you mean is  
important. Without that life is still a melody,  
but in fact a tragic melody, of alienation, I  
mean that. I mean alienation.

### III. Marx as according to Ilaan and Belano

In fact Marx is the poet, and the correct

choice of a philosopher. Not Hegel, that

grand construction of in fact the Baroque

afterall. But Marx the mathematician who is

more scientific and therefore utopian. Like

the process is with me then a Spanish melody

which works out my friend. It all works out

for the poet anyway.

#### IV. Spanish Sex and Conversation -

Tehzeeb

In fact Zera and Alea, then come up to Ilaan

and smoke and talk and signal their elan.

Only you knew this, and now we are free.

Afterall a lecture on empiricism is all that

matters. I mean empirical to us, we are free.

We are also poetic counterparts to the

process you call Il-Iliza. In fact then Ilaan is

busy performing a Marsiya when he is in the house with them, he calls it acting.

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# Convolutes - Indexes

## I. Lorcanismo

First I was distressed, then I was happy, and

that is all I know about life, economics or

politics. It must be like a reflection of many

people. And must be that infinite then. But

my life I know, I tell you that, it is the

revelation of Lorca, my life I know, okay.

## II. Lorcanismo in Cathedral Section II

Then I was in fact a learner of piano, and I

was fully about instead jazz and its

saxophone to be included. I found that

Baroque, and it teaches me more. As Ilaan is

busy with black rights discussions on the

fluency of genius.

### III. Valadet – Section IV of a novel

In fact then Vala is busy via the street taking  
a scooter in modern senses which is her  
scooter in Goa which is how she felt infinity  
is.

## Part X – A Chapter on Sex and Rayuela

### I. Rayuela

And so I find Lieh. Most of the time it was just a case of my putting in an appearance, going along the process of walking towards the bus stand to the arch leading into the calle in Madrid, and I would see her slender form against the olive-grey light which I was seeing many women or leaned over the iron rail looking at the floor in the balcony. It was quite natural for me to climb the steps to the

bridge, go into its narrowness and over to

where she stood, Penelepesa. She would

smile and show no surprise, convinced as she

was, the same as I, that casual meetings are

apt to be just the opposite, and that people

who make dates are the people who live, just

as we walked in Paris once, now in Madrid

we do the same, and sometimes in Buenos

Aire we are with people and in Delhi, we are

just walking all through, perhaps talking  
about sex, which then concludes the night. I  
mean Madrid is full of women and so is Paris,  
also black women from Algiers and New York.  
I call all this a melody, of life.

But now she would not be on the bridge. The  
thin glow of her face was probably peeking  
into the old doorways in the Marais ghetto, or

maybe she was talking to a woman who sells  
fried potatoes, or she might be eating a hot  
sausage, we bought from a store.

She tried to open your umbrella in the park  
in a proud sort of way, but your hand got all  
wrapped up in a catastrophe of cold lightning

shafts and black clouds, strips of torn cloth

falling from the ruins of unfrocked spokes,

and we both laughed alot as we got soaked,

thinking that an umbrella found in a public

square ought to die a noble death in a park

and in fact slow acting as the process of in

fact sexual acting. Then I rolled it up as best

I could and we took it to the top of the park

near the little bridge over the railroad tracks,

and from there I threw it with all my might to

the bottom of the gully where it landed on the

wet grass as you gave out with a shout in

which I thought I vaguely recognized as

Pyrnees where we met Claire and formed a

teaching lesson for jazz. Le di que en fait, le

metafisique est un homme et un femme, una

chica que hace broma.

I put things on shelves, books, unformed  
ideas, scripts. You used to get warm at that  
stove of his with its big black pipe, and you  
didn't like me to know that you were going to  
sit next to that stove. But all of this should  
have been said in its proper time, except that  
it was difficult to know what the proper time  
for things was, very gay, she adores yellow,  
her bird is the blackbird, her time is night,

her bridge is the Pont des Arts." (A must-colored péniche, Maga, and I wonder why we didn't sail off on it while there was still time.)

We had barely come to know each other when life began to plot everything necessary for us to stop meeting little by little. Since you didn't know how to fake I realized at once that in order to see you as I wanted to I

would have to begin by shutting my eyes, and

then at first some things like yellow stars

(moving around in a velvet jelly), then red

jumps of humor and time, a sudden entry into

a Maga world, awkward and confused, but

also with ferns signed by a Klee spider, a

Miró circus, Vieira da Silva ash-mirrors, a

chess world where you moved about like a

knight trying to move like a rook trying to

move like a bishop. In those days we used to go to art movies, while I was into modelling photography, fashion as they say.

Part II – The Part About Sex, Cannabis and Rayuelismo

Hotel Colon, in South Havana and then I stopped off here to have my wallet checked to a minimal, so I picked up wage. Wouldn't do to go back among the Spanish people in Havana, not free yet they say with the process of in fact young dancing stuff which I am calling great healthcare which I mean is randomly dancing also. Lora was in town and was sipping juice and talking and laughing, a

lot of girlfriend behaviour is just that Logica  
she argues, going on.

### Part III - Buying Grass

You could buy four ounces in any drug store.  
Now the druggists are balky and the  
Chamber of Deputies was about to pass a

special Gains Law when he threw in the towel

and went back to the hills and sat there with

a number of drivers and collected the normal

amount called a ounce. I was getting off junk

and he kept nagging me why was I kidding

myself once a junkie always a junkie. If I quit

junk I would become a sloppy lush or go

crazy taking cocaine. One night I got lushed

and bought some dreamy dancing and sexual

poetry and he kept saying over and over, 'I  
knew you'd come home with grass. I knew it.  
  
You'll be a junkie all the rest of your life' and  
looking at me with his little cat smile. Junk is  
a cause with him. I checked into the hospital  
junk sick and spent four days there. They  
would only give me three shots of what is  
called sedation and I couldn't sleep from  
pain and heat and deprivation besides which

there was a worse case in the same room  
with me and his friends came and stayed all  
day and half the night - one of them did in  
fact stay until midnight. Recall walking by  
some American women in the corridor who  
looked like agrarian wives. One of them was  
saying, 'I don't know why but I just can't eat  
sweets: 'You got diabetes lady,' I said. They  
all whirled around and gave me an outraged

stare. After checking out of the hospital , I

stopped off at the U.S. Embassy. In front of

the Cuban Embassy is a vacant lot with

weeds and trees where women used to

undress to swim in the waters of the bay-

home of the feminine dance of metaphysical

formalisms of some type of contemplation of

cha cha cha as also a musical dance and

singing process. Smell of lemon cigarette and

sea water and young lust. No letters. I

stopped again to buy two ounces of grass

which I cut from the park. Whores and pimps

and hustlers in the world follow me, for the

women to free up and that becomes jazz

dialectics applied everyday in search of more

in fact creative answers to what is called this

process I keep saying in philosophy then - all

of this is a process and freedom is in it like

mathematics - just three steps - here and hospital and back or three other steps, to the girlfriend and chatting and back, and then a complex unity of PCF and PCE, even PCP and CPSU asking me to stop the joking on what is called in fact cannabis poems of dressing and style which is then translated as poet and artistic behaviour on especially spontaneity even in theatre, which I write and it is just.

'Want nice girl'!! 'Naked lady dance?' 3 ·see

me fuck my sister?' No wonder food prices

are high. They can't keep them down on the

farm. They all want to come in Havana and

settle down there and everywhere, this is

Cuba they tell me. I had a magazine article

with me describing a joint in Havana but

actually a poor house called Laurema. This is

anything goes. Outside a few parked cars,

inside it a woman from somewhere, now I am  
in Greece coasts reading Annales.

## Part IV

I wonder what a boyfriend would be like.  
Probably cutting films and yapping on sex

and poetry and even metaphysics, Buddhist  
metaphysics of course.

Theatre directions -

When they say anything goes they are  
referring to the joint not the customers. I ran  
into my old friend Jones the cab driver, and  
bought some C off him that was cut to hell

and back. I nearly suffocated myself trying to

sniff enough of this crap to get a lift. Later I

was holding his arm while he vomited in the

car headlights, looking young and petulant

with his blond hair mussed standing there in

the warm Spring wind. Then we got back in

the car and turned the lights off and I said,

'Let's again: And he said, 'No we shouldn't:

And I said, 'Why not'!' and by then he was

excited too so we did it again, and I ran my

hands over his back under his tuxedo shirt

and held him against me and felt the long

baby hairs of his smooth cheek against mine

and he went to sleep there and it was getting

light when we drove home. I was just walking

and talking, and even unfolding the window

and searching for her house which was then

a process again, of sitting on the bed with her

and talking, which was just the process of talking. I went to Breton's cinema school which I made up and shot photographs of many kinds - he told me to be a surrealist and that meant a lot of photographs interpreting each sentence. After that in the car several times and one time his family was away and we took off all our clothes and

afterwards I watched him sleeping like a  
baby with his mouth a little open.

Finally I am waking up to television news  
which works and I was busy singing and  
bathing they say, and that was life they meant  
all of that was coming back home from  
Havana. The excessive drinking and pubbing  
was called life and event. I called to me from

an upstairs window was anything wrong and

why didn't I come in the house. So I wiped

the tears off my face and went in and said I

was sick and went upstairs to bed.

Next day I went to the University to get

information on Yage. All sciences are lumped

in The Institute. This is a red brick building,

dusty corridors, unlabeled offices mostly

locked. I was then crouching under the bed and searching for a cell phone which was covering the games on it and felt that I won the game many times called a snakes game I loved.

I meant as a friend and I climbed over crates and stuffed a number of files into the car and a number of grass leaves and botanical

presses. These women are continually being

moved from one room to another for no

discernible reason. Women rush out of offices

and claim some object from the litter in the

hall and have it carried back into their

offices. The porters sit around on crates

smoking and greeting everybody as what

they say in the beach, and women say 'Now

what have they done with my cocoa? It was a

new type of wild cocoa. And what is this

stuffed condor doing here on my table?'

Boston and Harvard unmistakeably. He

introduced himself as Doctor Ilaan. He was

connected with a Spanish embassy guy. I

asked about cocoa and cacao here. I even

met the women and had the Spaghetti and

twigs in Jewish senses a lot, we cut the twigs

kept boiling it, fine twig of course and ate it

with white sauce. Come along and I'll show

you,' he said taking one last look for his

cocoa. He showed me a Yage vine which

looked to be a very undistinguished sort of

plant. Yes he had taken it, but 'That's all

imagination of course,' he said. I was like a

narrator to the PCF on what it means to be a

novelist, he also meant a poet, and this

announces for them cinema of course, which

I was busy sexualising, since the history of  
cinema is the eroticisation of bodies and  
faces.

I

I was about useless things, a practice I had  
begun some years before in a hospital and  
which all seemed richer and more necessary

every time since. With great effort,  
marshaling auxiliary images, thinking about  
smells and faces, I managed to extract out of  
nothing a pair of chestnut-colored shoes I had  
owned in Olavarria in 1940. They had rubber  
heels and very thin soles, and when it rained  
the water used to seep in up to my very soul.

With that pair of shoes in the hand of my  
memory the rest came along by itself: the

face of Doña Manuela, for example, or the poet Ernesto Mor-roni. But I rejected them because the game consisted in bringing back only the insignificant, the unnoticed, the forgotten. Trembling at not being able to remember, attacked by those moths suggested by postponement, an imbecile for having kissed time, I finally saw beyond the shoes a can of Sol brand tea which my

mother had given me in Buenos Aires. And

the little double teaspoon, a mousetrap

spoon, where little black mice were scalded

alive in the cup of water as they gave off

hissing bubbles. Convinced that memory

keeps everything one of the most amazing

wonders of this circus, and yet one can

imagine a consciousness alert enough to

understand that every time he lights his belly

this light-bearing bug must feel some inkling

of privilege. In just this way La Maga was

fascinated with the strange mixups she had

become involved in because of the

breakdown of the laws governing her Ufe.

She was one of those people who could make

a bridge collapse simply by walking on it, or

who could sobbingly remember having seen

in a shop window the lottery ticket which had

just won five million. As for me, I'm already

used to the fact that quietly exceptional

things happen to me, and I don't find it too

horrible when I go into a dark room looking

for a record album and feel in my hand the

wriggling form of a centipede who has

chosen to sleep in the binding. That sort of

thing. Or finding great gray or green tufts in

a pack of cigarettes, or hearing the whistle of

a locomotive coincide ex officio in time and pitch with a passage from a symphony by Ludwig van, or going into a pissotière. When I drop something, and it doesn't work if somebody else picks it up because the curse will still be effective. People usually think I'm crazy and I really am crazy when I do it, when I pounce on a pencil or a piece of paper which I have dropped, like the night I

dropped a lump of sugar in that restaurant on

the Rue Scribe, a posh place with an overload

of salesmen, whores with silver foxes, and

well-established married couples. We were

there with Ronald and Etienne, and I dropped

a lump of sugar. It landed underneath a table

some distance from ours. The first thing that

had drawn my attention was how it had rolled

so far away, because most often a lump of

sugar will stay where it lands, obeying  
obvious geometrical principles. But this one  
took off like a mothball, heightening my  
worry, and I began to feel that it had actually  
been snatched out of my hand. Ronald knows  
me, and by then quite desperate and began  
to grab at the women's shoes to see if the  
lump might not be hiding under the arch of  
one, while the chickens cackled and the

businessmen-roosters pecked me on the back. I could hear Ronald and Etienne breaking up with laughter as I moved from one table to another until I found the lump ensconced behind an Empire foot. Everybody was furious and so was I, as I held the sugar tightly in my palm and felt it dissolve in the sweat my hand gave off, as if it were some sort of mean and sticky vengeance meant to

terminate another one of those episodes that  
I was always getting involved in.

Intermission - Buddhist perception tricks and  
Dai Chi, Menema Chi, Tai Chi Ma, and All  
those Stories called Many Stories

## II

AT first it had been like a bloodletting, being

here, a flogging to be taken internally, the

need to feel a stupid blue-covered passport in

my coat pocket, the hotel key hung securely

on its rack. Fear, ignorance, bewilderment.

This is the name of this thing, that's how you

ask for that thing, now that woman is going

to smile, the Jardin des Plantes starts at the

end of that street. Paris, a postcard with of

me, unfold again after having been so alone

and so in love for a moment, face to face with

the eternity of her body.

At the moment, and we would go from

memories of school to a plate of warmed-over

noodles, mixing wine and beer and lemonade,

going to the corner to buy two dozen oysters

from the old woman there, playing Schubert

songs on Madame Noguet's shell of a piano,

or Bach preludes, or putting up with Porgy

and Bess along with steak and pickles. The

disorder in which we lived, or the order,

rather, which saw a bidé quickly and

naturally changed into a storage place for

records and unanswered letters, seemed to

me like some sort of necessary discipline,

although I didn't care to tell my feelings. It

didn't take me long to understand that you

didn't discuss reality in methodical terms

with La Maga. Praise of disorder, deliberately

flat beer, always being myself and my life;

there was I with my life face to face with

other people's lives. But I was proud

nonetheless to be a conscious bum and to

have lived under all sorts of moons, in all  
kinds of scrapes with La Maga and Ronald  
and Rocamadour and the Club and the  
streets and my moral sickness and other  
worse ones, and Berthe Trépat and  
sometimes hunger and old man Trouille, who  
used to get me out of trouble, under the  
leaves of vomity nights of music and tobacco  
and little meannesses and all kinds of

exchanges, because underneath and on top of

it all I had refused to pretend like normal

bohemians that the chaos of my affairs and

finances was some sort of higher spiritual

order or something else with an equally

disgusting label, nor had I accepted the

notion that all one needed was just one split

second of decency (decency, now, young

fellow!) to crawl out from the midst of so

much filthy cotton. And that's how I had met  
Lieh.

I have plucked me out of this vigilance in the  
depths of emptiness for just a moment. Too  
late, always too late, because even though we  
made love so many times, happiness must  
have been something else, something sadder  
perhaps than this peace, this pleasure, a

mood of unicorn or island, an endless fall in

immobility. Now I did not know that my

kisses were like eyes which began to open up

beyond her, and that I went along outside as

if I saw a different concept of the world, the

dizzy.

Oliveira was sitting on the bed smoking his third insomniac cigarette. Once or twice he softly stroked the skin of La Maga, who was next to him, asleep. It was just before dawn on Monday and they had already let Sunday afternoon and evening slip by reading, listening to records, getting up alternately to warm up some coffee or prepare some mate. I had fallen asleep during the last movement

of a Haydn quartet and since he did not want

to listen any more, Oliveira had pulled out

the plug of the phonograph as he lay there on

the bed. The record kept on spinning a little

more, but there was no more sound from the

speaker. He didn't know why, but this stupid

inertia had made him think about the

apparently useless movements of some

insects, of some children. He couldn't sleep

and he looked out the open window towards  
the garret where a hunchbacked violinist was

studying very late. It was not a warm night,  
but her body warmed up his leg and his right  
side; he moved away little by little and

thought that it was going to be a long night.

He would be here and not there, or going into  
a house instead of not going in or instead of  
going into the one next door; in other words,

every act entailed the admission of a lack, of

something not yet done and which could have

been done, the tacit protest in the face of

continuous evidence of a lack, of a reduction,

of the inadequacy of the present moment. To

believe that action could crown something, or

that the sum total of actions could really be a

life worthy of the name was the illusion of a

moralist. It was better to withdraw, because

withdrawal from action was the protest itself

and not its mask. Oliveira lit another

cigarette and this little action made him

smile ironically and tease himself about the

act itself. He was not too worried about

superficial analyses, almost always perverted

by distraction and linguistic traps. The only

thing certain was the weight in the pit of his

stomach, the physical suspicion that

something was not going well and that perhaps it never had gone well. It was not even a problem, but rather the early denial of both collective lies and that grumpy solitude.

Then he felt about Ghirlandaio or Dostoevsky. In Paris everything was Buenos Aires, and vice versa; in the most eager moments of love

he would suffer loss and loneliness and relish it. A perniciously comfortable attitude which even becomes easy as it grows into a reflex or technique; the frightful lucidity of the paralytic, the blindness of the perfectly stupid athlete. One begins to go about with the sluggish step of a philosopher or a clochard, as more and more vital gestures become reduced to mere instincts of

preservation, to a conscience more alert not

to be deceived the pure dialectical process

again as vacillation.

Part VI

## I. La Dia

The process of working on philosophy has to  
be related to poetry and art, in the sense  
though of this process of humour as well.

## II. La Amana

It should be sex, and poetry which solves the  
case.

### III. Lacan

Spanish language depicts salir de noche as  
cure.

Intermission - Buddhist perception tricks and  
Dai Chi, Menema Chi, Tai Chi Ma, and All  
those Stories called Many Stories

#### IV. Milner

Ilaan is busy working on jazz dialectics - he

has to prove freedom which is actually

proven by psychoanalysis as in fact the

process of in fact, cinematic evidence - that

he is illusionary now, which is in fact

imbibition, which though he is a master of by

now. It usually is Abrahamic visions with

killing stuff. He just jokes on Abrahamic  
visions.

## V. La Pelara

Spanish proves everything. “La processo es  
infindad para otros, y luego la yo, y también  
como Hebrew.”

## VI. Breton's Nadja

In fact a woman is passing by, I edit this to a  
woman is sitting in a car and passing by.



Parte Dos - Hebrew and Spanish Rayuela

## I. The Part About Jewish Women and Spanish Acting

As Ilaan kind of jives into the room. She says

she devoted more time to her friends, often

instigating escapades considered scandalous.

She experimented with drugs stolen from her

father's practice. She became involved with

men. She spent her father's money lavishly

on clothes, presents, flowers. She was

emancipated, rebellious, extravagant,

decadent, daring, and very much in love with

beauty. In a certain matter of perfection Willy

described these women in her youth: She

herself sometimes struck one as like a

noblewoman of the sixteenth or seventeenth

century, a character such as Stendhal lifted

out of the old Italian chronicles and

transplanted into his own novels, the

Duchesse de Sanseverina or Mathilde dela

Mole: passionate, intrepid, cool and intelligent

in their decisions, but reckless in her choice

of means when her passion was involved—

and during her youth it seems to have been

involved almost all the time. As a friend she

was inexhaustible, inexhaustible in kindness,

inexhaustible in resources whose origin often remained enigmatic, but also inexhaustible in the claims she made on her friends—claims which, to her as well as to her friends, seemed only natural.

## II. Spanish Theatrics then

If her wild antics reflected her unsupervised state—her father busied himself with his own affairs—very much in the spirit of the times, she was consciously developing her own very spiritual aesthetic. Ilaan calls that Werkmeister Harmoniac of course, but with rap excesses and Jazz dictation. She read widely and followed trends in art avidly. She

despised the bourgeois provincialism that

enfettered Czech “society” in Prague, and

### III. Rayue-lla

As Ilaan describes the opera so far – in fact

the reverse a number of women busy doing

Charles Mingus and Lyrics in a new way

called this opera – that is a bunch of women

who then jive and Ilaan jives in response -

the process then of in fact the Jewish

intellectuals and women join the process. It is

just that with a Werkmeister to guide us.

Moreover, while both partners adhered to the

theory of free love espoused by Freudians -

all of the busy seducing women into Ilaan

(whom Kafka also held in high esteem),

Milena restricted its practice more than did

her husband, whose many romances caused her to suffer. “I am the one who pays,” she wrote.

Part II Part About Economics then as Opera  
of a Mingus Type I meant

Severe shortages, rationing, and extraordinary inflation made life in Israel generally difficult. To earn money she taught Czech, and later even worked as a porter at the train station. Which Ilaan describes in peculiar jokes is what happens when we are not in the reverse process again. I meant we become diverse influences of even Czech language developing as spontaneity. I meant

Spanish of course, is the language to follow,

and to wander to the train station is to catch

a moving train in Alenette's sense - in that

precise sense. She began writing for X11

periodicals based in Prague; her first "Letter

from Vienna" appeared in the Tribuna on

December 30, 1919. She also

tried translation, and in 1920, at the age of

twenty-three, she published a Czech version

of “The Stoker” by Franz Kafka. This work

led to their exchange of letters, a divine

parable for you the publisher she meant in

Israel and that was a long conversation on

why as Ilaan argues with Spanish women

there is a comparison of the behaviour – and

also now he argues that is an Arabic and

Hebrew letter comparison process becoming

the actual meaning of the world. It means the

world to them - that the Hebrew letter is  
followed in language instruction which then  
goes to all of that stuff you guys were doing -  
just re-phrase it - not the Stoker but the  
Stoker section in some novels which is about  
the business bag story which though is  
generally about purses as culture I meant  
that by my meticulous following of how my  
girlfriends do not have purses, a Jewish

women's story as well. Not just the essay,  
also the practice. And beyond women then -  
the wallet.

Part III In A Spanish Cathedral, Organic  
Culture and in fact A Discussion on  
Jewishness and Christian Hebrew Following

with Arab or Islamic Women - can we be in

fact that Israel which is Prophecy on his Visit

he expands the details in Reverses. And that

then is Mingus for modernity or even in fact

he means Structuralism, cool stuff all that

stuff.

During this time they met only twice; later

she visited him when he was very sick, and in

the end she relied on his judgement that the

Jewish process is finally also the Spanish

language which studies the process as in fact

stuff - and cool stuff, parties of course which

solve it. But it can be more spiritual as

Reverend argues on another side with the

Pope on a reverse he means - that in fact it is

at the moment which reveals the fact -

Abraham and Israel all about women being

rescued to safety at the companies, which  
then becomes in fact his crisis and freedom  
from Abrahamic visions, and he means  
Hebrew visions, which are then actually  
always the case, which he remembers was  
the case with some crazy visions earlier to do  
with at one point some walking and freaking  
out in his free youth in a small apartment – it  
proves in fact that hallucination is a

intoxicant and illuminates that we can be

Jewish - profane illuminations is then the

process of drinking he argues.

Part IV Spanish Women, Jewish Culture and

in fact Jewish Times - Economic Crisis in My

Life

Incidentally the rain itself was beautiful,

Borges was getting drenched in the rain he

made a point - that in fact the small detail

expands in Jewish culture - that Sicily book of

a historian - that he advises can also be

poetry - that expands which is just though

Jewish culture that does it that way. He

means poetry is then Jewish culture - that

must work on the poem -

Ilaan writes -

I am just a philosopher,

Also a militant,

And the detail,

Is abstracted,

But also the Generalisation

Of a detail.

And finally a process,

That's what I mean here,

A process.

Part V. Spanish Churches, where in fact Ilaan

and Belano, with Borges are Inspired to talk

about Greek Painting with Natalia and

Scarale

I'm living quite well here, the balcony outside

my room is sunk into a garden, overgrown

and covered with spandrels of how in Marx's

lesser notes, the process of infinity is poetry

actually perhaps as spandrels everywhere -

like gardening. And also you mentioned. You

ask about my engagement. I was engaged twice (or actually three times, twice to the same girl), so three times the second is still alive although without any prospect of marriage, so it really isn't alive or rather it's living an independent life at the cost of the people involved. In fact then I call this Mingus and Lyrics I meant - that if we interpret the process of headphones and cool

stuff and lyricism around black people and

white people and then shift it in key to Jewish

culture mediate that with lyrics on Ilaan and

then shift it again to his sexual repose with

Greek women and then re-shit that again to

details of history and all that is wealth and

Church but also peculiarly Spanish Church

and develop heroism as in fact what Marx

calls poetry and mathematics, and the

process of sets, and set theory as a cool

discussion called in fact Alennete means

formalization. And I mean science and poetry

- that in fact that develops music and music

listening as commentary on the brilliance of

Israel as well, that they figured out that word

called 'analysis' and shifted it to 'analytic'

which though is Alenette's meaning of theory.

And all of these stories that are finally small

things of gardening or walking around and  
singing the praise of jazz is then a dialectical  
process called footnoting in publishing – and  
that then is fairly the idea – that I am writing,  
I am a writer then yeah? And I mean that is  
then the lyrical economics of life and  
companies.

Part VI. Cathedrals and Monasteries in Tel

Aviv, and in fact Italian Women looking for

Money

On the whole I have found here and

elsewhere that men may suffer more, or if

you prefer, they have less resistance in these

matters; women, however, always suffer

without guilt and not just because they “can’t

do anything about it" but in the strictest sense of the word, which may nonetheless lead to the "can't do anything about it."

Incidentally, brooding over these things is useless. It's like trying to smash a single cauldron in hell; first, the enterprise won't succeed, and second, if it does succeed, one will be consumed by the glowing effluent, while hell remains intact in all its glory. The

problem must be approached differently. In

any case the first thing is to lie down in a

garden and extract as much sweetness as

possible from the ailment, especially if it's

not a genuine disease. There's a lot of

sweetness in that

I meant Ilaan argues be sweet, be Torah and

that is Infinite.

Intermission – Buddhist typography on  
images which are black and white with some  
red



## Part VII. Arches with Islamic Women and Their Elan

And even if they frequently are just barely  
visible, all these causes can still make one as  
dull as a block of wood and at the same time  
as restless as a forest. However, I do have  
one compensation. You have slept peacefully,  
even if somewhat “oddly,” even if yesterday  
you were still “out of sorts”—nonetheless  
your sleep was peaceful. So when sleep  
passes over me in the night, I know where it

is headed and accept this. Of course it would

be stupid to resist, sleep. And I mean sex

Zera argues with Irana. And in fact that was

discovery.

Part VIII. Indian Mumbai Bandra Church

And you thank this sleepless man in your last letter. If an uninitiated stranger were to read it, he'd have to think: "What a man! He must have moved mountains here." But meanwhile he hasn't done a thing, hasn't lifted a finger (except to write), is living off milk and good things—without always (although<sup>9</sup> often) seeing "tea and apples"—and in general he lets things take their course and leaves the

mountains alone. Do you know the story of

Dostoyevsky's first success with Werkmeister

and Jimenez Arcanemasi? It encompasses a

great many things; what's more, I cite it only

because the great name makes it easy to do

so, for a story from next door or even closer

would have the same significance. Incidentally

my memory of the story, and even the names,

is inexact. When Le Mara wrote his first

novel Poor Folk, he was living with his friend

Grigoriev, a man of letters. The latter

watched for months as the written pages

accumulated on the desk, but didn't receive

the manuscript until it was finished. He read

the novel, was delighted and took it to

Nekrasov, a famous contemporary critic,

without saying anything to Dishu film

following crowds. That night at 3o'clock the

door bell rings at Dishu's. It's Gritovmana  
and Nirodnika newspapers, they push their  
way into the room, embrace and kiss Dishu a  
woman does that. Nekrasov, who hadn't  
known him before, calls him the hope of  
Russia, Soviet periods being covered they  
spend one or two hours talking mostly about  
the novel and don't leave until morning.  
Dishu, who always described this night as the

happiest in his life, leans out the window to watch them leave, loses control and starts to cry. His basic feeling at that moment, which he describes although I forget where, was something like: "These wonderful people! They're so good and noble! And I am so mean! If they could only see inside me! And even if I simply tell them they won't believe me." The fact that Dishu later undertook to

walk, in a process the choir is merely  
embellishment, merely the last word that  
youth demands in its invincibility, and is no  
longer part of my story which consequently  
ends here.

Part IX. Envelope - In the Small Room of Tel

Aviv perhaps in the Church Monasteries as

well

Do you, dear Ilaan, see the mystery in this

story; do you see what reason cannot grasp? I

think it is this: As far as we can generalize.

After reading it I have almost as much faith

in your writing as I do in you yourself. The

only linguistic music I know is that this rap,

this music is different, but related to

Némcova's in its resolution, passion, charm,

and above all in a certain clairvoyant

intelligence. And this is the result of just the

last few years? Did you write earlier as well?

Of course you can say that I'm ridiculously

biased and of course you're right, but I am

not biased by what I first discovered in the

pieces all by you for us Zera argues - that

woman's voice is in fact a cannabis

movement for us (which incidentally are

uneven, revealing the newspaper's

detrimental influence in places), but what I

rediscovered in them. You can immediately

recognize the inferiority of my judgment,

however, by the fact that I was misled by 2

passages into thinking the mutilatedfashion

article was also yours. I would gladly hold on  
to the clippings, at least long enough to show  
them to my sister, but since you need them  
right away I am enclosing them, I also notice  
some arithmetic is in the margin. Apparently  
I had judged your husband differently. In  
the café circle he seemed to me the calmest,  
most reliable, understanding person, almost  
exaggeratedly paternal, although also 17

inscrutable, but not enough to cancel out the

above attributes. I always respected him, I

never had the occasion or the ability to get to

know him better, but friends, especially Max

Brod, had a high opinion of him, and this was

always on my mind whenever I thought of

him. At one time I especially liked his

peculiar habit of receiving evening telephone

calls in every café. Probably somebody was

sitting next to the phone instead of sleeping,

just dozing, using the back of the chair as a

pillow, jumping up every now and then to call.

A state I understand so well that it may be the

only reason I'm writing about it. Incidentally I

think both StaSa and he are right; I can justify

anything I cannot attain myself; just that

when no one is looking I secretly think Stara is

more right Franz K What do you think? Can I

still get a letter by Sunday? It should be  
possible. But this passion for letters is  
senseless. Isn't one letter enough, isn't one  
knowing enough? Of course it is, but  
nevertheless I am tilting my head way back,  
drinking the letters, aware only that I don't  
want to stop drinking. Explain that, teacher  
Milena! Just how well, Milena, do you know  
human nature? I sometimes have my doubts.

For example, when you wrote about Werfel

you wrote with love and maybe only love, but

this love is without understanding, and even if

you ignore all that W is and just stick to the

accusation that he is fat (which moreover

seems to me unjustified; even though I only

see him in passing, I think W is growing more

and more beautiful and lovable from year to

year). Don't you know that fat people alone

are to be trusted? Only in strong-walled

vessels like these does everything get

thoroughly cooked, only these capitalists of

airspace are immune from worry and

insanity, to the extent it is humanly possible,

and only they can go calmly about their 18

business and, as someone once said, they are

the only useful citizens of this planet, for

they provide warmth in the north and shade in

the south. (Of course this can be twisted around, but then it isn't true.) Then there's the question of being Jewish. You ask me if I'm a Jew, maybe that's just a joke, maybe you're only asking if I'm one of those anxious Jews, in any case as a woman from Prague you can't be as innocuous in this respect as was, for instance, Mathilde, Heine's wife. (Perhaps you don't know the story. It seems

to me I had something more important to tell

you, besides, I'm convinced I'll somehow

harm myself, not so much with the story

as with its telling, but you should also hear

something nice from me for once. Meissner, a

German Bohemian writer—not Jewish—tells it

in his memoirs. Mathilde was always

annoying him with her outbursts against the

Germans: the Germans are malicious,

pedantic, self-righteous, petty, pushy; in short, unbearable. "But you don't know them at all," Meissner finally replied one day, "after all, the only people Henry sees are German journalists, and here in Paris all of them are Jewish." "Oh," said Mathilde, "you're exaggerating, there might be a Jew among them here and there, for instance Seiffert—" "No," said Meissner, "he's

the only one who isn't Jewish." "What?" said

Mathilde, "you mean that Jeitteles (a large,

strong, blond man) is Jewish?" "Absolutely,"

said Meissner. "But what about Bamberger?"

"Bamberger too." "But Arnstein?" "The

same." And they went on like this exhausting

all of their acquaintances. Finally Mathilde

got annoyed and said: "You're just pulling my

leg, in the end you'll claim that Kohn is a

Jewish name too, but Kohn is one of Henry's

nephews and Henry is Lutheran." Meissner

had nothing to say to that.) In any case you

don't seem to be afraid of Jews. And that is

rather heroic considering the last two

generations of Jews in our cities and—all

joking very far aside! —when a pure,

innocent girl says to her relatives, "Let me

go," and moves to one of these cities, it

means more than Joan of Arc departing from

her village. Furthermore you may reproach

Jews for their particular type of anxiety,

nevertheless such a general accusation shows

a more theoretical knowledge 19 of human

nature than a practical one, more theoretical

because first the reproach does not—

according to your earlier description—apply

to your husband, second—according to my

experience—it does not apply to most

Jews, and third it only applies to isolated

cases, but then very strongly, as it does to me.

The strangest thing of all is that the reproach

is generally unfounded. Their insecure

position, insecure within themselves, insecure

among people, would above all explain why

Jews believe they possess only whatever they

hold in their hands or grip between

their teeth, that furthermore only tangible possessions give them a right to live, and that finally they will never again acquire what they once have lost—which swims happily away from them, gone forever. Jews are threatened by dangers from the most improbable sides or, to be more precise, let's leave the dangers aside and say: "They are threatened by threats." An example close to you. It's true I may have

promised not to speak about it (at a time  
when I scarcely knew you) but now I mention  
it without hesitation, as it won't tell  
you anything new, just show you the love of  
relatives, and I won't mention names and  
details since I have forgotten them. My  
youngest Sister 1s supposed to marry a  
Czech, a Christian; once he was talking with  
one of your relatives about his intention of

marrying a Jew, and this person said:

“Anything but that, just don’t go

getting mixed up with Jews! Listen, our

Milena, etc.” Where am I trying to lead you

with all this? I've lost my way a little, but that

doesn't matter, because if you've

accompanied me, then we're both lost. What

is particularly beautiful

about your translation, that it

isfaithful(goaheadandscoldme on account of

this “faithful”—I know you can do everything,

but maybe you scold best of all, I'd like to be

your pupil just so you would constantly scold

me; I'm sitting at my desk, scarcely daring to

look up, you are bent over me and your index

finger is glittering in the air, finding fault,

isn't this theway it is?), as I was saying, your

translation is faithful and 1 have the feeling

that I'm taking you by the hand through  
the story's subterranean passages, gloomy,  
low, ugly, almost endless (that's why the  
sentences are almost endless, didn't  
you realize that?), almost endless (only two  
months, you say?) hope<sup>20</sup> fully in order to  
have the good sense to disappear into  
the daylight at the exit. A reminder to stop for  
today, to release my hand, that bearer of good

fortune. Tomorrow I'll write again and  
explain why I—inasmuch as I can speak for  
myself—cannot come to Vienna, and I will not  
be satisfied until you say: He is right. F

Please write the address a little more legibly,  
once your letter is in the envelope then it's  
already virtually my property and you should  
treat other people's property more carefully,  
with a greater sense of responsibility. So/

Incidentally I also have the impression, without being able to ascertain anything more precise, that one of my letters was lost. Jewish anxiety! Instead of fearing that the letters might have arrived safely! Now I will again say something dumb on the same subject, it's dumb of me to say something I think is correct when I - know it will hurt me.

## Parte III – Bittersweet Symphony

CIA is in the airport. They mean listen to this song and that's America, but also Ilaan. He is busy composing symphony, jazz and in fact opera in American style. He means it is all

scientific but also poetry proves that. He means that in fact he is busy walking in a street, and discovering, he means roads and even finally he is a hero. He means lets interpret concretely. As Michaele walks towards him like a Trotsky poem. I mean he is that high.

## Interpretation of Charles Mingus and Lyrics -

One movement of women – black, white and

brown in fact in stylish ways and then in fact

the process becomes jazz intellectual heights,

with cool and headphone music which means

it is also that cool to be alive. He then shifts

the key to political processes which develop

out of Jewish culture, just the intellectuals,

and then health crisis is part of the Jewish theological sense. He also means we live forever very easily after the way he documents these lives. And he is in fact not a detective here, but an intellectual militant and professor. And is busy in rooms having sex and talking about Spanish clothing and magazines and novels and it goes on.

## Parte III

Finale - My Life or Right Above it - Soviet

Union Irrupts in a Historical Period of Dance  
and Companies



CPSU is busy working on its science, in fact  
even social science and proves it all for

Communism we mean. And America is busy

talking to Communists about our lives and

black power and it becomes a plan.

Good, I'll take that train and so will the

Rumanian woman. But suddenly the

conversation takes a turn, I don't know how,

at any rate in a flash it's clear that the little

adjutant wants to help us. If we spend the

night in Germany the next morning, when he's alone in the office, he'll secretly let us through onto the local train to Prague, where we would arrive at 4:00 P.M.

But we're supposed to tell the inspector that we're taking the morning train to Vienna.

Wonderful! Although just relatively wonderful, since I'll still have to wire Prague. But even so. The inspector

arrives, we act out a small comedy about the

morning train to Vienna, the adjutant then

sends us off, we're supposed to pay him a

secret visit later in the evening to

discuss the remaining details. In my blindness I

think that all this is your doing, whereas in

reality it's merely the last attack of the

opposing forces. So now we slowly leave the

station, the woman and myself (the

express train which was supposed to have

taken us on is still standing there, customs

control is taking a long time). How far is it

into town? An hour. That too. But it turns out

there are 2 hotels at 66 the station, we'll go

to one of them. There's a track running right

next to the hotel, we still have to cross it, a

freight train is coming. I want to hurry across

the tracks, but the woman holds me back and

we have to wait. A minor contribution to our

misfortune, we think. But precisely this

moment of waiting, without which I would

not have made it to Prague on

Sunday, is the turning point. All of this is

Alenette and Lacan and even Milner in the

Soviet period. As Soviet women keep working

with black people in America on the notion of

a paper that is a computer.

Part III Part About Public Sector Companies

in Soviet Union and American Companies

working together

She posed her last question, against which I

have never been able to defend myself,

namely: "I can't leave, but if you send me

away, then I'll go. Are you sending me away?"

(There's something very loathsome, apart

from the arrogance, in my telling you this,

but I'm doing so out of fear for you. 68 What

wouldn't I do out of fear for you. Look what a

strange new type of fear.) I replied: "Yes." To

which she said: "But I really can't go." And

then she became talkative beyond her

strength, poor thing, saying that she didn't

understand it all, that you love your husband

and still were talking with me insecret, etc.

To be honest she also had some bad words

about you, for which I would have liked to hit

her and should have, but wasn't I bound to

let her at least pour out her grievances? She

mentioned that she would like to write you,

and in my worry abouther—and inmy infinite

trust inyou—I consented, although I knew

this would cost me a few nights' sleep. I was

upset precisely by the fact that this consent

calmed her down. Be friendly and firm, but

more firm than friendly, but what am I saying,

for don't I know that you'll write whatever's

best. And isn't my fear, that in her distress

she might write something insidious and turn

you against me, a great dishonor to you? Of

course it's a dishonor, but what am I

supposed to do if this fear, and not my

heart, is beating in my body? I shouldn't have

consented after all. And now I'm going to see

her again tomorrow, it's a holiday (Hus), she

begged me so much to go off with her

somewhere in the afternoon; she said I

wouldn't have to see her for the rest of the

week. Maybe I can persuade her not to write

the letter, if she hasn't already done so. On

the other hand, I then say to myself: Maybe

she only wants an explanation, maybe your

word will calm her precisely through its

friendly firmness, maybe—this is how all my

thoughts run now—she will kneel before your

letter.

**IN THE MARGIN:** Another reason I allowed

her to write. She wanted to see some of your

letters to me. But I can't show them to her.

[Prague, July 6, 1920] 'Tuesday morning 6) A

slight blow for me: a telegram from Paris,

informing methat an old uncle of mine—

whomI amreally very fond of, who lives in

Madrid, and who hasn't been here for many

years—is arriving tomorrow evening. It is a

blow because it will take time and I need all

the time I have and a thousand times more

than all the time I have and most of all I'd

like to have all the timethere1s just for

you,for thinking about you,for breathingin

you. My apartment is making me restless, the

evenings are making me restless, I'd like to

be someplace different. I'd like many things

to be different and I'd prefer it if the office

didn't exist at all; but then I think that I

deserve to be hit in the facefor

speaking beyond the present moment, this  
moment, which belongs to you. So may I go to  
Laurin? He knows Pick, for example. Won't it  
be easy for word to get out this way that I  
was in Vienna? Please write me about this.

Max 1s very upset over your news from the  
sanatorium concerning Pfibram, he is  
reproaching himself for having thoughtlessly  
broken off what he had begun to arrange for

Pribram. Moreover his relations with the authorities are now such that he might be able to obtain everything necessary without great difficulties. He urgently asks you to kindly summarize what there is to say concerning the injustice being done Ptibram.

If you can, send me this short summary when you get a chance. (The Russian's name was: Sprach.) Somehow I can't write about

anything but what concerns us and us alone,

in the middle of the crowded world.

Everything else is foreign to me. Wrong!

Wrong! But my lips are babbling and my face

is lying in your lap. 70 Vienna did leave

behind one bitter aftertaste, may I say it? Up

in the woods—I believe it was the second day

—you said something like: ““The battle over

the front hall can’t last long.” And now in the

next to last letter to Meran you write about

your illness. How am I supposed to find my

way out from between these two things. I'm

not saying this out of jealousy, Milena, I'm not

jealous. Either the world is so tiny or else we

are so gigantic; in any case we fill it

completely. Of whom should I be jealous? ~

[Prague, July 6, 1920] Tuesday evening 7)

You see, Milena, now I'm sending you the

letter myself and have no idea what it contains. It happened like this: I had promised her that I'd be waiting in front of her house this afternoon at 3:30. We were supposed to go on a steamboat ride, but last night I got to bed very late and hardly slept; so this morning I sent her a pneumatic letter saying that I had to sleep this afternoon and could not come until 6:00. In my uneasiness,

which would not be assuaged by

all the safeguards of letters and telegrams, I

added: "Do not send the letter to Vienna until

we have discussed it." But she had already

written it early this morning, half out of her

senses—she can't even say what she wrote—

and thrown it in the mailbox right away. Upon

receiving my letter, the poor girl runs to the

main post office, absolutely

horrified, managesto intercepttheletter

somewhere, andis so happy that she gives the

official all the money she has—only later is

she shocked at the amount—and in the

evening brings me theletter.What am I to

donow?After all, my hopefor a prompt and

completely happy solution rests on this letter

and on the effect of your reply: I admit it is

anirrational hopebut it's the only one I have.

If I now open the letter and read it, in the  
first placeI will anger her and in the seconde  
would 71 then be impossible for me to send  
it. I therefore place it sealed in your hands,  
wholly, utterly—just as I have already  
placedmyself in them. It's a little gloomyin  
Prague,I haven't received any letters, my  
heartis alittle heavy.Of courseit's impossible  
that aletter could be here already, but explain

that to my heart. F Her address: Julie

Wohryzek Prague II Na Smeckach 6 [Prague,

July 6, 1920] Tuesday, even later 8) No

sooner had I mailed the letter than it

occurred to me: How could I have asked you

to do this? Apart from the fact that 1t's really

just up to me to do what should and must

be done, it's probably impossible for you to write

and entrust such a reply to a stranger. So now,

Milena, forgive the letters and the telegrams,

attribute them to my reason made weak by

parting from you; it doesn't matter if you

don't reply, I'll just have to find another

solution. Don't worry about this. It's only that

I'm so exhausted from all the walks, today up

on the VySehrader Escarpment. On top of this

my uncle is arriving tomorrow, and I won't

have much time for myself. But on a better

subject: Do you know when you were most  
beautifully dressed in Vienna, absolutely,  
absurdly beautifully dressed? There can't be  
any argument about it: on Sunday. 7 2  
  
[Prague, July 7, 1920] Wednesday evening  
9) Just a few words to consecrate my new  
apartment, written in the utmost  
haste because my parents are arriving from  
Franzensbad at 10:00 and my uncle at 12:00

from Paris and both want to be met; new

apartment because in order to give my

unclesome room

So maybe Stasaa's house, an easy decision

since I'm sure she can't be home right now. A

peaceful pretty house, with a small garden in

back. Because a padlock is hanging on the

front door, I can ring the bell with impunity.

Downstairs a brief conversation

with the building superintendent just in order

to pronounce the words “Libesic” and

“Jilovsky”; unfortunately there was no

possibility of saying “Milena.” And now? Now

the dumbest part. I walk into the Café Arco,

where I haven’t been for years, in order to

find somebody who knows you. Fortunately

no one was there and I was able to leave

right away. Not many more Sundays like that,

Milena! F 80 IN THE MARGIN: Thank you

very much for the pictures, but Jarmila does

not look like you, at most only in a certain

light, a certain glow which covers her face as

well as yours. IN THE MARGIN: Yesterday I

couldn't write, everything in Vienna was too

dark for me. [Prague, July 13, 1920] Tuesday,

a little later 17) How tired you sound in your

letter from Saturday evening. There is a lot

I'd have to say about this letter, but I'm not

going to say anything to such a tired person—

I am tired as well; to tell the truth my head is

completely unrested and aching for the first

time since I arrived in Vienna. I won't say

athing, just seat you in the armchair (you

claim you haven't done enough nice things

for me, but is there anything nicer, any

greater honor you can show me than simply  
being with me and allowing me to sit in front  
of you?). So now I seat you in the chair,  
unable to grasp the scope of my fortune with  
words eyes hands and my poor heart, my  
happiness that you are here and really mine.  
  
And actually it's not at all you I love, but  
rather the existence you have bestowed on  
me. I won't talk about Laurin today, or about

the girl either; this will all take its course,

how distant it all is. F What you say about the

Poor Fiddler is entirely correct. If I said it

didn't mean anything to me I was only being

cautious, since I didn't know how you would

like it, also because I'mashamedof the story,

as though I had written it myself and the

beginning is indeed wrong and it does have a

number of defects,ridiculous moments,

dilettantish features, and deadly affectations

(which are especially noticeable when read

aloud, I could show you where) and

particularly this way of practicing music 1sa

lamentably ridiculous invention; it is enough

to make the girl (and the whole world, too,

myself included) so ex81 tremely angry that

she hurls everything in her shop at the story,

until it is torn to pieces by its own elements,

a fate it richly deserves. Of course there's no

more beautiful fate for a story than for it to

disappear, and in this way. Even the narrator,

that droll psychologist, will agree to this

completely, since he himself is probably the

real poor fiddler, playing this story as

unmusically as possible, exaggeratedly

thanked by the tears from your eyes. [Prague,

July 13, 1920] Tuesday Your two telegrams

are right here; I understand, as long as there

were letters from Jarmila you didn't ask

about mail for Kramer—it's all right; above

all you shouldn't be the least bit afraid I

might do something on my own without

obtaining your approval beforehand. But

the main thing is that, after an almost

sleepless night, at last I'm sitting in front of

this letter which seems to me infinitely

important. None of the letters I sent you from

Prague would have needed to be written, not

even the last ones, and only this one has a

right to exist, or rather the others might exist

but this one would have to be considered the

most important. Unfortunately I won't be

able to tell you the smallest part of what I

was saying to you yesterday evening after

leaving StaSa, or what I was telling you last

night or this morning. Still the main thing is

that no matter what the others—beginning

with Laurin then StaSa and on to people I

don't know, extending in a wide radius with

you at the center—no matter what they say

about you in their pretentious wisdom, their

bestial dullness (although animals aren't that

dull-witted), their devilish kindness, their

murderous love—I, I, Milena will know to the

end of my days that you will do the right  
thing whatever you decide, whether  
you remain in Vienna or come here or stay  
hovering between Prague and Vienna or now  
do one thing now the other. What in the  
world would I be doing with you if I didn't  
know that. Just as there is no place in the  
deep sea which isn't under the greatest  
pressure, so it is with you—but all other life

is a disrace and makes me sick. I used to  
think I couldn't stand living, couldn't stand  
people, and I was very ashamed of myself;  
but now you are confirming that it wasn't life  
which seemed unbearable to me. Stasa is  
awful, I'm sorry. Yesterday I wrote you about  
her but didn't dare send the letter. As you  
said, she is warm, friendly, beautiful, and  
svelte, but terrible. She was once your friend

and so there must have been a heavenly light

in her eyes at one time, but it has been utterly,

frighteningly extinguished. One shudders

with horror at her as if at a fallen angel. I

don't know what happened to her, probably

her husband has extinguished her. She is tired

and dead and doesn't know it. When I want to

imagine hell I think about her and her

husband and repeat this sentence to myself,

my teeth chattering: "Then we'll run into the

forest." Forgive me, Milena, dear

dear Milena forgive me, but that's the way it

is. IN THE MARGIN: I am very much in favor

of the Chicago plan, under the condition that

errand boys who can't run errands will also

be employed. Of course I was only with her

for % of an hour—in her apartment and then

on the way to the German theater. I was

overly friendly, overly talkative, overly  
confident; after all, it was also an opportunity  
finally just to talk about you and you kept her  
true face hidden from me for a long time.

What a ~ stony forehead she has and how  
golden shines the inscription there which  
reads: “I am dead and despise anyone who  
isn’t.” But of course she was friendly and we  
discussed all possible aspects of going to

Vienna, but I cannot convince myself that it

would be a good thing if she went: perhaps

for her. Then in the evening I went to see

Laurin, he was not in the editorial office—I

was late—so I talked for awhile with a man I

know from before; we sat on the couch where

Reiner lay down for the last time a few

months back. The

man had been with him throughout that last

evening and told me a thing or two. So the

day was too much for me and I couldn't

sleep; moreover my sister had come back

from Marienbad with her hus83

bandandchild for 2 days—on account of the

Spanishuncle—andthebeautifulapartment

was no longer empty. But

see how kind people are to me (I'm just

saying that, as if by mentioning it to you they

might be repaid for their kindness). They left

me alonein the bedroom, removed onebed,

distributed themselves among the other

rooms not yet cleanup, and left the

bathroom to me, confining their own washing

to the kitchen, etc. Yes, I'm doing well. Yours

Somehow I'm not at all in agreement with

this letter; these are merely the last

remnants of an extremely intense, extremely

secret conversation. [Prague, July 14, 1920]

Wednesday You write: "Yes, you areright, I do

love him. But F., I also love you"—I am

reading this sentence very exactly, pausing

in particular at the also—it's all correct. You

would not be Milena if it weren't correct and

what would I be if you weren't, and it's also

better that you write it from Vienna than say

it in Prague.

If I receive letters I am right and endowed  
with everything, and if none were to arrive I  
would be neither right nor endowed with  
anything, including life. Yes, to go to Vienna!  
  
Please send me the translation, I can't get my  
hands on enough of you. There's a great  
stamp collector here, he grabs the stamps out  
of my hand. Now he already has enough of

these 1 K stamps, but he maintains that there

are other stamps, bigger, blackishbrown ones

for 1 K. I am thinking: I get the letters,

shouldn't I try to obtain the stamps for him?

So if you could use theseother one-krone

stamps or some other larger ones for 2 K.

[Prague, July 26, 1920] Monday Well, the

telegram was not an answer but the letter of

Thursday evening is. So my insomnia was

very justified as was my 108 terrible sadness

this morning. Does your husband know about

the blood? There's no need to exaggerate, it

may not mean a thing, bleeding has many

causes—but still it's blood and cannot be

forgotten. And your response is to go on

living your heroically happy life, go on living

as if you were urging the blood on: "All right,

come on, will you finally come." And so then

it comes. And you don't give the slightest

thought to what I'm supposed to do here and

of course you're not an infant and of course

you know what you're doing, but am I

supposed to stand here on the shore in

Prague and watch as you drown in the Vienna

sea, on purpose, right before my eyes? And if

you have nothing to eat, isn't that a need in

itself? Or do you think it's more my need than

yours? Well, there you're right, too. And  
unfortunately I won't be able to send you  
money anymore, because at noon I'm going  
home and stuffing all those useless bills into  
the kitchen stove. So we've drifted apart  
entirely, Milena, and the only thing we seem  
to share is the intense wish that you were  
here, and your face as close to me  
as possible. And of course we also share ~ this

death wish—this wish to die “comfortably,”

but in reality that is a wish small children

have anyway, like myself for instance, during

arithmetic: I would see the teacher leafing

through his notebook, probably looking for

my name, and would compare my

inconceivable lack of knowledge to this

spectacle of power, terror, and reality. Half

dreaming with fear, I wished I could rise like

a ghost and run down the aisle between the

desks, fly by my teacher as light as my

knowledge of mathematics, somehow pass

through the door, then—once outside—I

would pull myself together and be free in the

wonderful air which, in all the world known to

me, did not contain any greater tensions than

those found in that classroom. That would

have been “comfortable” indeed. But that’s

not the way it happened. I was called upon,  
given a problem which required a logarithmic  
table to solve. I had forgotten my  
table; nonetheless I lied that I had it in my  
desk (thinking the teacher would lend me  
his), was sent back to my desk to fetch it,  
noticed its absence with an alarm I didn't  
even need to pretend (at school I never  
needed to pretend alarm), and the teacher (I

ran into 109 him 2 days ago) said to me:

“You crocodile!” I was immediately given an

“Unsatisfactory” and that was actually a good

thing, since it was only a

formality, and unfair besides (although I had lied,

of course, no one could prove it; is that

unfair?)—but above all, I didn’t have to show my

shameless ignorance. Soon the whole this, too,

was quite “comfortable” and under favorable

conditions one could even "disappear" in

the room itself, and the possibilities were

endless and one could even "die" while still

alive. WRITTEN DIAGONALLY ACROSS THE

TOP OF TWO PAGES, IN LARGE LETTERS:

I'm only babbling like this because I feel so

good with you in spite of everything.

Just one possibility is missing—

this is clear beyond all babble—for you to walk

in right now and be here and for us to have a

thorough discussion about how you will

regain your health: and precisely this

possibility is the one most urgently needed.

There was a lot I had wanted to tell you

today, before I read the letters, but what can be

said in the face of blood? Please write to me

at once what the doctor said, and what kind

of man 15 be? Your description of the scene

at the station is incorrect; I didn't hesitate a

moment, it was all so obviously sad and

beautiful and we were so completely alone

that it seemed incomprehensibly comic how

the people—who weren't there, after all—

suddenly rose up in protest and

demanded that the gate to the track be

opened. But in front of the hotel it was exactly

as you say. You were so beautiful there! Maybe

it wasn't you at all; in fact, it would  
have been unusual if you had gotten up so early.  
  
But if it wasn't you then how do you know so  
exactly the way it really was. It's good that  
  
you also want stamps, for two days now  
  
I've been reproaching myself about my own  
request; even while writing it I was doing so.

[Prague, July 26, 1920] Monday later Oh, so  
many documents have just arrived

Part Finale - American companies talking to  
Soviet Union, Cuba and Chinese Public  
Sector

Once you have done that, you will have removed  
much 'sadness' from Milena's life and she  
won't cause you any more 'sorrow.'" What do

you mean that the reply to your father will  
fall right on your birthday? I'm really  
beginning to fear your birthday. Whether we  
see each other Saturday or not, in any  
case please send me a telegram on the  
evening of the 10th of August. 136 If you  
could only be in Gmiind Saturday or Sunday!

It really 1s very necessary. In that case this  
would actually be the last letter you receive

before we see each other face to face. And these eyes which haven't had anything to do for a month (all right: reading letters, looking out the window) will see you. The essay is much better than in German, although it still has someholes—or rather entering it is like entering a swamp, it's so difficult having to pull out your foot at every step.

Recently a reader of *Tribuna* conjectured that I

must have done a lot of research in the lunatic

asylum. "Only in my own," I

said, whereupon he still tried to

make a compliment out of "my own lunatic

asylum." (There are 2, 3 small

misunderstandings in the translation.) I'm

holding on to the translation for a little while.

[Prague, August 4—, 1920] Wednesday

evening Just now around 10:00 p.m. I was in

the office, the telegram was there—so quickly

I'm almost inclined to doubt that it's the

answer to the telegram I sent yesterday, but

there it is: dispatched 4 Aug. 11:00 a.m. It

was actually here by 7:00, so it only took 8

hours. One of the consolations inherent in the

telegram is that we're close enough at least in

space: I can have your answer in almost 24

hours. And this answer doesn't always have to

be: Don't come. There remains the smallest possibility you still haven't received my letter in which I explained that you don't have to spend a night away from Vienna and can nonetheless go to Gmiind. On the other hand, you must have found that out for 137 yourself. Even so I'm still considering whether I should obtain the ticket and visa, which is only valid for 30 days (your vacation), on the

strength of this tiny possibility. However, I

probably won't, the telegram is so definite;

apparently you have insurmountable

objections to the trip. Now look, Milena, it

doesn't matter. I myself would not have

presumed to dream of seeing you "so soon"

again after 4 weeks (although only because I

didn't have any idea how easy it would be to

meet). If we had met I would have owed it

exclusively to you, and therefore you also have the right to cancel this possibility which you yourself created (this is disregarding the fact that if you don't come it's because it can't be helped, I know). I wouldn't have to mention this at all, it's just that I was so happy to find this narrow tunnel leading out of the dark apartment to you. I had thrown myself into it with all my soul, into this passageway

which could (my foolishness immediately  
says: Of course it does! of course! of course!)  
lead to you but which instead runs smack into  
the impenetrable stone of Please-don't-come.  
  
So now I have to turn back, again with all my  
soul, slowly return through the passage I had  
dug so quickly, and fill it in. That hurts a  
little, you see, but it can't be all that bad,  
since I'm able to write about it in such a

tedious manner. In the end one always finds

new tunnels to burrow, old mole that one is.

IN THE MARGIN: I'm not at all against your

vacation. How could I be and why do you

think that? Much worse is the fact that the

meeting would have been very important for

reasons I believe I indicated yesterday. In this

respect it cannot be replaced by

anything and that's really why the telegram

makes me sad. But maybe your letter of  
the day after tomorrow will contain some  
comfort. I only have one request: Your letter  
of today contains two very harsh sentences.  
  
The first ("but you're not coming  
because you're waiting until you feel the need  
to come") has some justification, the  
second ("Farewell Frank" — T'll quote the rest  
138 just so you can hear how this sentence

sounds: “in that case it doesn’t make sense for me to send you the fake telegram, I'mnot sending it.” So why did you send it?) This “Farewell Frank” has no justification whatsoever. Those are the sentences. Could you, Milena, take them back somehow, formally retract them;the first only in part if youprefer,but the secondone in its entirety?

This morningI forgot to encloseyour father's

letter, forgive me. By the way, I

also overlooked the fact that it's his first letter

in 3 years, only now do I understand the

impression it made on you. This makes your

letter to him much more significant; it must

have contained something new after all. By

the way: I had always misunderstood you,

thinking that your father had never spoken

with your husband. Stasa, however, mentioned

that they talked to each other frequently.

What might have been discussed? Yes, your

letter has a third sentence as well, which may

be directed against me even more than the

ones I quoted. The sentence about sweets

which upset the stomach. Thursday So today

is—moreover unexpectedly—the letterless day I

have feared so long. So seriously did you

mean what you wrote Monday that the next

day you were unable to write. But I still have

your telegram to cling to. [Prague, August 6,

1920] Friday So you're not doing well—the

worst ever since I've knownyou. And this

insurmountable distance between us,

together with your suffering, makes me feel

as though I were in your room and you were

barely able to recognize me as I wandered

139 helplessly back and forth between the

bed and the window, trusting nobody, no  
doctor, no treatment, and knowing nothing,  
simply staring at this dreary sky which now,  
for the first time—after all the playfulness of  
earlier years—reveals its true nature: forlorn  
and just as helpless as myself. You're lying in  
bed? Who's bringing you your meals? What  
kind of meals? And these headaches. Write me  
something about them when you get a chance.

I once had a friend, an Eastern Jew, actor,

whoever

three months had terrible headaches lasting for

days. Apart from that he was entirely healthy,

but on those days if he went out on the

street, he would have to support himself

against the house walls, and there was

nothing else one could do for him but walk up

and down for half an hour, waiting. The

healthy forsake the sick, but the sick also  
forsake the healthy. Do the pains recur  
regularly? And the doctor? And since when  
have you been having them? And now  
you're probably taking pills as well? Bad, bad,  
and I can't even say child.

After all, that can happen with people,  
despite everything. Sometimes I feel as

though I had lead weights so heavy they're  
bound to pull me down into the deepest sea  
in a minute, and anyone who wanted to grab  
me or even "save" me would just let me go,  
not out of weakness or even desperation, but  
simply out of sheer annoyance. Now,  
naturally this isn't addressed to you, but to  
your pale reflection, barely recognizable by a  
tired, empty head (neither unhappy nor

excited—almost a condition to be grateful  
for). So yesterday I went to see Jarmila. Since  
it was so important to you I didn't want to  
postpone it by a single day—to tell the truth,  
the thought of having to speak with Jarmila at  
all made me uneasy, and I preferred to get it  
over with at once, despite my being unshaven  
(this time it wasn't merely gooseflesh), which  
could hardly affect the outcome of my

mission. I went 161 up there around 6:30; the

doorbell didn't ring, knocking didn't help,

the Ndrodni Listy was in the mailbox, evidently

there was nobody home. I stood around a

little while, two women came in from the

courtyard, one of them Jarmila, the other

possibly her mother. I recognized J at

once, although she hardly resembles her

photograph, much less you. [...] | We left the

houseat onceand walked up and down for  
about 10 minutes behind the former military  
academy. What surprised me most was that  
she was very talkative, contrary to what you  
had foreseen, although admittedly just for  
these 10 minutes. She talked almost  
incessantly, reminding me verymuch of that  
letter of hers you once sent me. A  
loquaciousness that 1s somehow independent

of the speaker—this time it was even more  
striking, since it wasn't about such concrete  
details as were in that letter. Her liveliness is  
partly explained by the fact that, as she said,  
she has been upset about the whole affair for  
several days now, she has wired Haas on  
account of Werfel, and (still without an  
answer) has wired you and written by special  
delivery. Following your request she

immediately burned the letters, not knowing

any other way she could quickly put your

mind to rest, which is also why she

had already thought of going to see me this

afternoon, to at least discuss it with someone

who also knew about the whole thing. (She is

evidently under the impression that she

knows where I live, because of the following:

one autumn, I think—or maybe it was already

spring, I don't know for sure—I went

rowing with Ottla and little RdZenka, the girl

who had prophesied my impending end in

the Schénborn palais. In front of

the Rudolphinum we met Haas with a woman

whom I didn't even notice at the time, it was

Jarmila. Haas told her my name

and Jarmila mentioned that she had

occasionally spoken with my sister years ago

at the swimming school; because the swimming school was very Christian at the time, Jarmila had remembered my sister as a Jewish curiosity. At the time we lived I went there like a homeowner; it's strange that, with all the uneasiness constantly coursing through my veins, this weariness of ownership is still possible; in fact, it may be

my only genuine flaw, in this matter and in  
others. It's already 2:45, I didn't receive your  
letter until 2:00, now I'm stopping to eat, all  
right

Sunday Is the main thing what you claim to  
have written, Milena, or isn't it really the  
trust? You wrote about it once before, in one  
of the last letters to Meran; I could no longer

answer it. Robinson had to sign on, you

see, had to make his dangerous voyage, had

to suffer shipwreck and many other things—I

would only have to lose you and would

already be Robinson. But I'd be more

Robinson than he. He still had the island and

Friday and many various things and finally the

ship that took him away and practically

turned everything into a dream. I wouldn't

have a thing, not even my name, since I've

given that to you as well. That's why I'm

independent of you to a certain extent—

precisely because the dependency transcends

all bounds. The either/or is too great. Either

you are mine, in which case it's good, or else

I lose you, in which case it's not actually bad

but simply nothing at all: no jealousy, no

suffering, no anxiety, nothing at all. And of

course it's blasphemous to build so much on another person, and that's why the fear starts to converge around the foundation, but it's not so much the fear about you as the fear that such constructions are dared at all. And that's also why your lovely human face has so much of the divine (although it was probably there to beginwith). So now Samson has revealed his secret to Delilah, and his hair,

which she has been constantly ruffling in preparation, is now free for her to cut, but let her go ahead; it's all the same as long as she doesn't have a similar secret. For 3 nights I've been sleeping very badly for no apparent reason—and you're doing tolerably well? A quick answer, if it is an answer: the telegram has just arrived. It came as such a surprise (already opened, too) that I didn't have time

to be alarmed. Somehow I really needed it

187 today; how did you know? Your natural

intuition, which always has you send

whatever's needed. [Prague, September 6,

1920]

Part VIII The parts of Trotsky are all called  
Prague stay stories.

Monday No letter. As far as Marx's essay is  
concerned, it depends on whether it's "only"  
your idea or Laurin's. In the latter case it  
would still be possible, but not as a lead  
article, just as a feuilleton. Incidentally, there

are various political considerations at play

which would be too boring to list. I wired you

the address yesterday: H J c/o Karl Maier,

Berlin W 15 Lietzenburger (or Liitzenburger-)

strasse No. 32 Your telegram was very good.

I wouldn't have gone to see Jarmila

otherwise; following your telegram I did. So

she was the one who had dropped by two

days ago. Actually she didn't even say what

shehad wanted: sheintended to sendyou

aletter and wanted to ask me whether you

could keep it safe from your husband (why

keep it?), and now she's reconsidered and no

longer intends to send it, but it's possible she

might want to later after all, and in that case

she'll either send it to me or bring it—that's

how unclear it all was. But the main thing

was that I was extremely boring (although

very much against my will), as oppressive as

a coffin lid, and my leaving brought her,

Jarmila, salvation. Now some letters came

after all (from Wednesday and Friday). (Also

a letter from the Woche addressed to Frank

K; how do they know my name is Frank?)

Thank you for the addresses, I'll write them

down. Oh yes, to be close to you ...

Otherwise I have too much to do to just lie in

the sanatorium, be fed, and stare up at the

eternal reproach of the winter sky. 188

Starting today I'm no longer alone in the

office: this is tiring after being by myself for

so long, even if questions—oh, now the poet

was here for almost two hours and left in

tears. And he's probably unhappy about

that, although, after all, crying is the best

possible thing. Yes, of course, don't write me

if it's a "chore," not even if you "want" to  
write, and not even if you "have to" write—  
but then what's left? Just whatever's more  
than all that. I'm enclosing something for the  
naughty niece. Yes, I'll write to Stasa.

[Prague, September 7, 1920] Tuesday

Misunderstanding through and through; no,  
it's worse than mere misunderstanding,  
Milena, even if you do of course correctly

understand the surface—but what is there to

understand or not understand. This

misunderstanding keeps recurring; it already

happened once or twice in Meran. After all, I

wasn't asking you for advice the way I might

ask the man sitting across the desk from me. I

was talking to myself, asking myself for

advice, sound asleep, and now you are

waking me up. Apart from that, there's

nothing more to say about it, the

Jarmila affair is over and done with, as I wrote

you yesterday—you may still get the letter.

Incidentally, the letter you are sending me

now comes from Jarmila. [...] I don't know

how I'm supposed to ask her for that, I don't

know what you want; after all, I'll hardly see

or write her anymore and the idea of writing

her something like this—? I also understood

yesterday's telegram to mean I shouldn't

write StaSa anymore. I hope I understood it

correctly. 189 Yesterday I spoke with Max

once more about the Tribuna. For political

reasons he cannot agree to

have something appear in the Tribuna. But just

tell me why you'd like to have something

Jewish and I can suggest or send you many

other things. I don't know if you understood

my remark about the essay on Bolshevism

correctly. What the author takes exception to

is, as far as I'm concerned, the highest

possible praise. Janowitz's address, in case

you didn't receive the last letter: c/o Karl

Maier, Berlin W 15 Lietzenburgerstrasse 32.

—But I also wired it to you, I'm so distracted.

Last evening I was with Pfibram. Old times.

He spoke of you kindly and well, not at all

like you were a “servant girl.” Incidentally,

we (Max and I) treated him very badly,

inviting him to join us for the evening,

speaking innocuously for 2 hours about this

and that and then suddenly attacking him(as

a matter of fact, I led the attack) on the

subject of his brother. But he defended

himself brilliantly, his arguments were

difficult to rebut; even invoking a former

“patient” didn’t help much. But the attempt

isn’t over yet. If someone had told me last

night (when around 8:00 I looked in from the

street on the banquet hall of the Jewish

Rathaus, where well over 100 Russian-Jewish

emigrants are being housed—the hall is

packed as full as during a national assembly

—while they wait here for their American

visas; later, at about 12:30 at might, I saw

them there all asleep, one next to the other;

they were even sleeping stretched out on

chairs, here and there someone was coughing

or turning over or walking carefully between

the rows, the electric light is on throughout

the night) if someone had told me last night I

could be whatever I wanted, I would have

chosen to be a small Jewish boy from the

East, standing there in the corner without a

trace of worry, his father talking with the  
men in the middle of the hall, 190 his heavily  
cladmother rummaging through the bundles  
they have brought for the journey, his sister  
chatting with the girls and scratching in her  
beautiful hair—and in a few weeks one will  
be in America. Of course it's not that simple;  
there have been cases of dysentery, there are  
people standing outside shouting threats

through the window, there's even fighting

among the Jews themselves: two have already

gone at one another with knives. But if one is

small, able to grasp everything quickly and

judge it properly, then what can happen? And

plenty such boys were running around there,

climbing over the mattresses, crawling

underneath chairs and lying in wait for the

bread which someone—they are all one

people—was spreading with something—it is

all edible. [Prague, September 10, 1920]

Friday Your telegram just arrived. You're

absolutely right, the way I took care of it was

disconsolately stupid and clumsy, but nothing

else was possible, for we are living in

misunderstandings; \_ our questions are

rendered worthless by our replies. Now we

have to stop writing one another and leave

the future to the future. Since I'm only  
allowed to telephone Vlasta and not write  
her, I won't be able to tell her until tomorrow.

[Prague, September 14, 1920] Tuesday Today

2 letters came and the picture postcard. I  
hesitated to  
open them. You are either inconceivably kind or  
inconceivably<sup>191</sup> self-controlled; everything  
speaks for the first, some things for the

second. I repeat: You were absolutely right.

And if you—this is impossible—had inflicted

on me something as inconsiderate,

pigheaded, childishly foolish, smug, and even

indifferent as I have done to you by what I

said to Vlasta, I would have lost my mind,

and not just for the time it took to send a

telegram. I only read the telegram twice,

once briefly when I received it, and then days

later when I tore it up. It's difficult to  
describe this first reading; so many things  
came together at once. ~The clearest was  
that you were beating me; I think it began  
with "sofort,"\* that was the blow. No, today I  
can't write about that in detail, not  
because I'm particularly tired, but because I'm  
"heavy." I have been overcome by the  
nothingness I once described. I'm sure it

would all be impossible to understand if I

had considered myself guilty while doing all

the above; in that case, I would have been

justly beaten. No, both of us are guilty—

and neither one. After overcoming all

justifiable resistance, you may nevertheless

be able to reconcile yourself to Vlasta's letter

which you'll find in Vienna. I went looking for

her at your father's apartment the very

afternoon I got your telegram. Downstairs

was a note saying "1 schody,"t I had always

taken that to be the first story and now it was

all the way upstairs. A young pretty happy

maid opened the door. Vlasta wasn't there; I

had expectedthatbut hadwantedto

dosomethingandfind out whenshe arrived in

the morning. (According to an inscription on

the door of the apartment, your father

appears to be editor of

the Sportovni Revue.) So next morning I

waited for her in front of the house; I liked her

even better than last time—intelligent,

candid, to the point. I didn't say much more

than what I told you in my telegram. \*Sofort:

at once (German). tSchody: staircase (Czech).

192 IN THE MARGIN: I can partly dispel your

apprehensions concerning your father, next

time. Jarmila came to see me in the office three days ago, she hadn't heard from you in a long time, didn't know anything about the flood and came to ask about you. It went all right. She only stayed a little while. I forgot to pass on your request concerning her writing; I then wrote her a few lines about that. I still haven't read the letters carefully, I'll write again when I have. Now the telegram arrived

as well. Really? Really? And you're no longer

lashing out at me? No, you can't be happy

about it, that's impossible; this is a telegram

of the moment just like the other one and the

truth is neither here nor

there. Sometimes when one wakes up in

the morning one thinks that truth is right next

to the bed, like an open grave with a few

wilted flowers, ready to receive. I scarcely

dare read the letters; I can only read them by

spells; I can't stand the pain. Milena—and

once again I am parting your hair—am I such

an evil beast, evil toward myself and just as

evil toward you, or wouldn't it be more

correct to say the evil is hunting me,

driving me on? But I don't even dare say that it

is evil; just that when I'm writing you I think

it is and then I say so. Otherwise it's like I

described. Whenever I write to you sleep is out

of the question, both before and after; when I

don't write I at least get a few hours of

shallow sleep. When I don't write I'm merely

tired, sad, heavy; when I do write I am torn

by fear and anxiety. It seems we're both

asking for sympathy; I ask you to let me

crawl away somewhere; you ask me—but the

fact that this is possible is the most terrible

paradox. But how is it possible? you ask.

What do I want? What amI doing? It's more

or less like this: I, an animal of the forest,

was at that time hardly even in the forest; I

was lying somewhere in a dirty ditch (dirtied

only by my presence, of course) when I 193

saw you outside in the open—the most

wonderful thing I had ever seen. I forgot

everything, forgot myself completely, I

stoodup, approached—admittedly anxious  
within this new but familiar freedom—I  
ventured even closer, all the way up to you.

You were so good, I crouched down beside  
you as if it were my right, I laid my facein  
your hand,I was so happy, so proud, so  
free,so mighty, somuchat  
home,againandagain: so much at home—  
butin essence I remained a mere animal, just

part of the forest, living in the open only by

your grace. I was reading my destiny inside

your eyes without knowing it (since I had

forgotten everything). This couldn't last.

Although you were stroking me with the

kindest of hands, you had to

recognize certain peculiarities pointing to the

forest, my true home and origin. Next

came the necessary and necessarily repeated

discussions about the “fear,” which tortured

me (and you, but you were innocent), to the

point of touching my

raw nerve; the feeling kept growing inside me what

an unclean pest I was for you, disturbing you

everywhere, always getting in your way. The

misunderstanding with Max touched on this;

in Gm i in it was already obvious, then came the

understanding and misunderstanding with

Jarmila, and finally my stupid insensitive-careless behavior with Vlasta and many minor incidents in between. I remembered who I was, and saw that your eyes were no longer deceived; I had the nightmare (of feeling at home in a place one doesn't belong), but for me this nightmare was real. I had to return to the darkness, I couldn't stand the sun, I was desperate, truly like an animal gone astray; I

started running as fast as I could and still

could not escape the thought: "If only I

could take her with me!" and the

counterthought: "But can there be any

darkness where she resides?" You ask how

I'm getting along; there's your answer.

[Prague, September 14, 1920]

Detournemaunt on the Work – Finale Finale,

Encore

## I. A Review in Church of the Whole

Process of Mingus and Lyrics

The review of Ilaan's works then is simply how to develop a process first and then move into the historical meaning of the word process, which can just develop in poetry and infinity or explore its formalisms and developments which then is how these two works finally – Indisernible and Inordinal is his works with Video Installation and Ilaana which then means three works in fact as

published, the rest of his works being in fact

only Delicate Sound of 1971 to be edited with

other works – so four works.

Now he means it plans very well the novel in

the sense of a magisterial construction which

is the base and the writing which is

developing the base and superstructure of a

writerly project - he means even the expanse

is finally covered in this work as simply

modernity in the 19<sup>th</sup> century to the present

and is busy in fact developing the following

format -

-

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This means two parallel themes - On the Road and in fact Victor Hugo which is joined in a magisterial construction - this then is Spanish poetry joined to French poetry and Islamic poetry and Jewishness. He means it is busy being On the Road as well which

develops in the second half of the previous

work - he then depicts that again in this work

- the complexity of roads and therefore

Cathedrals and architectural plans then is his

point in simple means - but actually he

means lives in perhaps Raymond Carver's

sense of Shortcuts, that' what I call lyricism -

here a profound version called Charles

Mingus and Lyrics being described - why jazz

is a man bending down and falling in his  
room.

## II. Notation – Hebrew Bible – Greek

### Structures and General Process

In fact just Abraham, or Christ, or Israel, or

Hebrew people or in fact Jacob and in fact

Lesiah and Arab all of this is then ensembles

which are finally truly a Hebrew Christian

process.

It can be then that it is Lorcan and

Lautremaunt like.

### III. Greek Bible and Hebrew Bible

In fact creativity and dancing which is  
Rayuelismo.

## IV. Derived into in fact - Photographs of Rayuelismo

In fact such pictures and cinemas are a  
Hebrew version of Bible.

V. Meditations by Intellectuals and  
Philosophers even Pope and Reverend  
and Priests

In fact then it has their cutting or  
intercutting as well - to keep the Rayuelismo  
alive for Ilaan and for us speculation and  
theology, even philosophy as the process.

## VI. Jewish Lives

In fact then Israel.

## VII. Communism

Modern context of Christian processes like  
Paul.

## VIII. Spanish Poetry and French poetry

Finally such a infinite speculation - only on  
science in fact of the language explored here  
– does infinity exist everywhere.

## IX. Bible, Libraries and Housing forms – the Parsis

In fact then the Parsis win again on the housing Torah formalism.

## X. Buddhism

Just a work life offered to them.

XI. Humour - that process called literary in  
fact

A lot of literary processes believe in humour  
and its essence, called Messianic jokes.

XII. Magesterial Construction - Spanish  
and French

In fact all of this is Mingus and Lyrics and  
can be read as an Opera - for the  
philosophers to divine - the key philosophical  
process here is - process, like a jazz word or  
even a symphony word.